

My Fowley Bash

by Mary1

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Summary: Agent Fowley undergoes some serious bashing in a fic that was written in a moment of fury :)

My Fowley Bash

TITLE: My First Fowl Fiction
>AUTHOR: Mary
NOTES: The beginning of this story bears extreme resemblances to a
>Simpsons episode...I know this, don't tell me about it.
Nevertheless,
it contains pain for The One We Hate Most. Be gentle in your
>criticisms, this is my first attempt at a Fowley bash. And my first
attempt at fanfiction, actually.
>
If you don't like violence, removal of limbs and other body parts, or
>you *like* Fowley (freak!), don't read this. I cannot be held

responsible for any emotional distress caused. Mimi Rogers, or Mimi
>Rogers fans, go away as I make less than flattering comments about

MR/DF's appearance...Oh, and I use the word 'suddenly' a lot.
Anyone
>who can think of an alternative, I beseech you to tell me it.

>I'm *very* sorry if you share the injuries that Fowley obtains. It

was impossible to please everyone whilst using injuries, especially
>when using so many *g*...just remember, you're not a cow, and she is.

>2 YEARS LATER...NOTES: Ohhhhhh what an embarrassment! I've corrected
the grammar errors and the things that don't make sense. But it
>remains mostly in its original, awful, form. Aaaah the terrible

writings of an angry thirteen year old...
>
DISCLAIMER: No offence intended, characters don't belong to me, no
>profit made. Wow, my first fic and I'm tired of these already...

>RATING: G? Yeah, G. Maybe PG. I don't know.

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My First Fowl Fiction

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>Scully was not amused. *She*, the revolting Agent Fowley, had been

assigned to work with Mulder, another agent and herself.

>
Fowley, on the other hand, was pleased to have the opportunity
to be

>with 'her' Fox, with whom she had the delusion she would one day
marry.
They had been assigned to investigate a series of mysterious
events

>involving what appeared to be ceremonial mass suicides down a
massive
canyon. Scully knew she and Mulder could have solved the
case alone,

>but Skinner had been insistent that four agents were sent. While
Scully
had her suspicions that it might be to bring her and
Mulder a little

>more into the mainstream, and to improve relations between agents,
but
she was not in a position to comment.

>
They gazed down into the ravine. To Scully, the temptation to
push

>Fowley over the edge was verging on irresistible but, predictably,
her
common sense prevailed. Fowley crawled very close to the
edge, and

>began to inspect the spot where the people had apparantly jumped
from.
Scully, the less experienced agent, could see that she was
conducting

>the procedure entirely wrong, but refrained from telling her.

Fowley's
incompetance wasn't her problem. Mulder however, gently
pointed out her

>errors.

>Scully seethed.

>Suddenly, Fowley lost her foothold. Horrified, Mulder immediately
put
out his arms to grab her, but was a moment too late. Fowley
went

>tumbling down the edge, as Mulder let out a prolonged yell. Scully
put
a hand to her mouth, more to cover the understandable evil
cackles she

>was producing than as a sign of horror.

>"Ohmygod, Scully, is she dead?" Mulder babbled in a sort of
stupor.

>Scully gazed at the limp figure below. "I think so, Mulder.."

>Suddenly, Fowley weakly raised an arm.

>Damn it thought Scully.

>"She's alive!" Mulder gasped, "Scully, fetch an air ambulance or

something!"

>
Dejectedly, Scully ran for help, muttering angrily about Diana
Fowley's

>seeming incapability to die.

>The ambulances arrived, and Diana lifted up, then bundled into one.
As
the ambulance drove away from the scene, however, it smacked
into a tree,

>with a sickening noise, causing the back doors to fling open, as
Diana's
stretcher rolled out, taking Fowley crashing down the
canyon.

>
"Noooooooooooooooooooo!" wailed Mulder.

>
Unfortunately for the rest of the world, the bandaging

prevented

>Fowley from being flatlined, and she made it to the motorway (freeway)
this time. Suddenly, the ambulance was cut in front of, and amid a

>flurry of honking horns, screeching tyres and shouts, a pile up was
created. Another fleet of ambulances were sent out to inspect the damage.

>No serious damages were sustained. Except for one. Fowley. Here legs
were smooshed and consequently amputated. They were later used as dog

>food, but the dogs, showing an incredible sixth sense, refused to eat it.
Nevertheless, she refused, once again, to die.

>
Once at the hospital, and all other wounds treated, it was arranged for

>artificial legs to be fitted on her. As soon as she left the operating
theatre, an anxious Mulder pounced on a nurse. "How is she?"

>
The nurse led Mulder to the door of Fowley's private room.

Pausing before

>she opened the door, she stuttered a few words to him.

>"Uh...Mr Mulder, how shall I put this? Unfortunately, we are not super-
human. Sometimes hospitals make mistakes..."

>
"Yes..." Mulder asked warily.

>
"Well, it's just that when you see Ms Fowley, you'll notice a few

>differences..."

>"What?"

>"You see, the surgeon saw her face and thought that it was a case of
complete plastic surgery to disguise that face of hers..."

>
"But her face wasn't injured in the accident. Accidents."

>
"I know that, Mr Mulder. But anyway, nobody objected, they all thought

>she kinda needed it too. And, as with all surgery, there was the chance
of problems, complications..."

>
"What are you trying to tell me?" Mulder demanded.

>
"Ms Fowley has no ears, no nose, and her lips are the size of fine German

>sausages." the nurse mumbled.

>"What?!" Mulder screeched, pushing past the nurse and barging into Fowley's
room.

>
He stared at the face that was once recognisable as Fowley.

Scully stood

>beside him.

>"How could this happen, Scully?"

>"Well, I admit it was a serious error, Mulder, but, if you look at her
closely, you'll see it is actually an improvement..." Scully said.

>
Mulder stared at Fowley. "I think I see what you mean, you know...her

>eyes....I don't know, they're less..."

>"Starey?" Scully suggested.

>"Mmmm, yeah, I think that could be it..."

>Suddenly, Fowley awoke. "Fox!" she murmured.

>"Hi, Diana. How are you feeling? Nurse, this patient has awoken."

>"What do the legs look like?" Fowley asked, concerned.

>"Uh...I can't be the judge of that, Diana. Ask the nurse."

>Fowley turned expectantly to the Nurse....

>
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>
Twenty later, and Fowley was still crying her eyes (or what was
left
>of them) out.

>"Is this normal? Or healthy?" Mulder asked the nurse.

>"Well...it depends, but I have to say I am astonished at the

amount of tears she's managing to produce." The Nurse said.

>
"When will she be able to return home?"
>
"Well, as she is refusing to have any more surgery, she can
return
>tomorrow morning. Will you be able to look after her until she

finds her feet - ah, bad choice of words - until she is able to
learn
>to look after herself?"

>"Of course." Mulder turned to Fowley "Did you hear that, Diana? You
can
leave hospital tomorrow."
>
Fowley turned to Mulder, nodded briefly, then began to cry
again. The
>next day, Mulder took Fowley outside. He put her by the dumpsters

outside of the hospital, and then went to get his car from the
car park.
>When he returned, he suddenly let out a yell. Fowley was being
lifted
into the waste disposal truck, and was about to be mushed
by the mincer.
>
"No!" he shouted, "Stop! That's not garbage, that's a woman!" He
was
>too late, however. Fowley was mush.

> THE END.

>Epilogue: Mulder did ask the garbage men how they mistook Fowley,
which
they returned with a nonchalant look. Scully could shed no
light either,
>but thoughts did run through her head about resemblances to Oscar
the
Grouch.

End
file.